

# A SERVICE BOOK

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# *A Service Book*





Presented to

Rev Homer M Campbell

With the compliments of

W Mac Johnson

Member by Invitation

of the

National Selected Morticians



# *A Service Book*



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The National Selected Morticians

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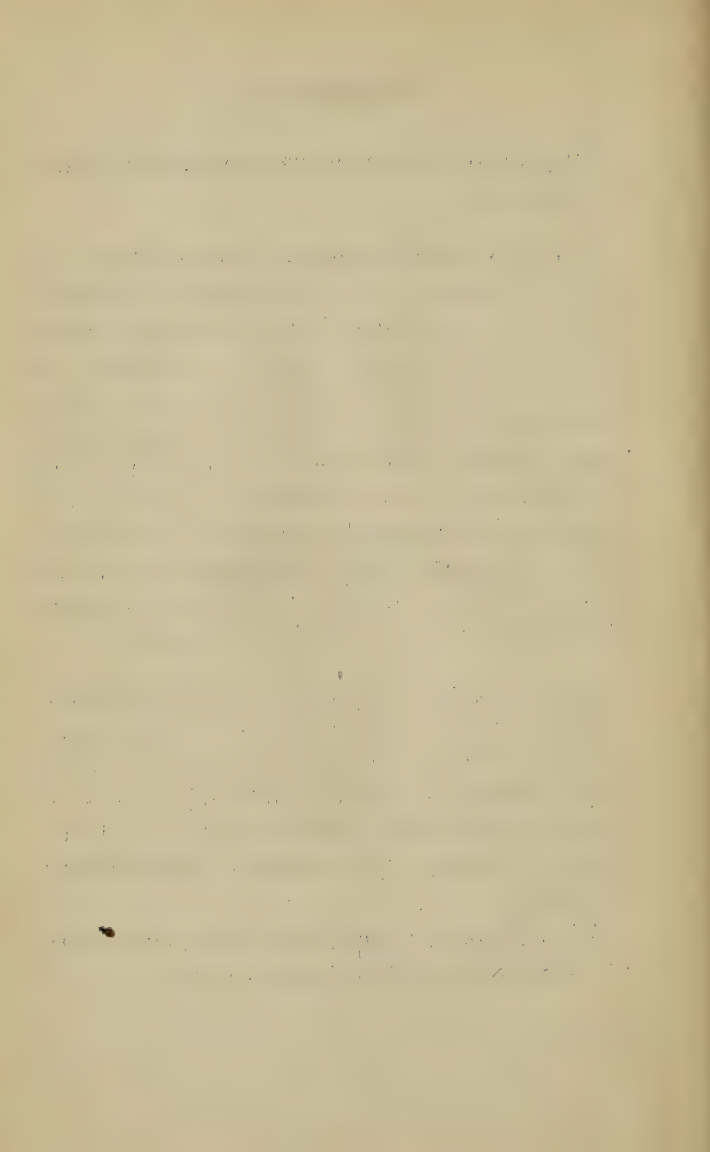
## Explanatory

In printing this book we have had in mind two purposes:

(1) To furnish ministers, with whom we are so frequently in association in funeral services, a convenient Form of Service which has been in general use for centuries by all denominations; to include with this Form of Service a number of Scripture Lessons, and many prayers which are not contained in any one collection, and to incorporate with these features a considerable number of poems and literary allusions which experience has proved to be of value in dealing with those to whom the ministry of comfort is addressed.

(2) In many cases, funeral services contain either prayers or poems which for many reasons are desired in permanent form. It is often difficult to obtain authentic copies of these and doubtless many hesitate to ask for copies, fearing to occasion unnecessary trouble.

We believe the use of this book will justify our course in deciding to publish it.





## Preface

Doubtless it has been in the minds of others, as it has been in my own, for several years, that a valuable public service might be rendered by the preparation of such a book as this for use by ministers, and for distribution on occasions among those who have been bereaved. It fell to my lot to be made Chairman of the committee of National Selected Morticians charged with this responsible task. My associates in this work have been Frank K. Fairchild, Frank B. Flanner, Walter Gawler, Ramsey Burton and Edward B. King.

We have received the co-operation of our members in all sections of the country, and not a few ministers have aided us in the gathering together of the material from which the book is compiled, so that the finished work represents contributions from manifold sources.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has acted as literary adviser and editor, and if the book meets with your approval it is due largely to the service he has rendered.

W. Halsey Smith.

Newark, N. J., December 1st, 1924.



## Acknowledgements

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And to Dr. Robert Freeman for permission to use his poem, "In My Father's House."

It is quite possible that some of the other poems included in this book are copyrighted material, but if so, we have been unable to communicate with their publishers. Many of the most valuable contributions to literature are fragments—newspaper waifs—and presumably there is no bar to their reprinting. We are grateful to the authors of lines we have been compelled to mark "Author Unknown."

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# The Order for the Burial of the Dead



*(The Minister, meeting the Body, and going before it, either into the Church or towards the Grave, shall say or sing:)*

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though this body be destroyed, yet shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

*(After they are come into the Church, shall be said one or more of the following Selections, taken from the Psalms. The Gloria Patri may be omitted except at the end of the whole Portion or Selection from the Psalter.)*

PSALM 39

Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days: that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long; and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is even in thee.

Deliver me from all mine offences: and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling: hold not thy peace at my tears;

For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner: as all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength: before I go hence, and be no more seen.

*(Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.)*

PSALM 90

Lord, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in thy displeasure: and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee: and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For when thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

O teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

*(Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.)*

PSALM 27

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear: the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid?

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require: even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his tabernacle: yea, in the secret place of his dwelling shall he hide me, and set me up upon a rock of stone.

And now shall he lift up mine head: above mine enemies round about me.

Therefore will I offer in his dwelling an oblation with great gladness: I will sing and speak praises unto the Lord.

Hearken unto my voice, O Lord, when I cry unto thee: have mercy upon me, and hear me.

My heart hath talked of thee, Seek ye my face: Thy face, Lord, will I seek.



O hide not thou thy face from me: nor cast thy servant away in displeasure.

Thou hast been my succour: leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

I should utterly have fainted: but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

O tarry thou the Lord's leisure: be strong and he shall comfort thine heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord.

PSALM 46

God is our hope and strength; a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof, rage and swell: and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.

Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills; from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

PSALM 130

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

## BURIAL SERVICE

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My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plentiful redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

*(Then shall follow the Lesson taken out of the 15th Chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians.)*

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits: afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power.

For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him,

it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him.

And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself, be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Thou foolish one, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes and another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness: it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption; and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Corinthians 15.

or this

### ROMANS 8: 14

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but we have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the

earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

*(Here may be sung a Hymn or Anthem; and at the discretion of the Minister, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Prayer which follows, and such other fitting Prayers as are elsewhere provided in this Book, ending with the Blessing.)*



## Benedictus

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for he hath visited and redeemed his people;

And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us: in the house of his servant David;

As he spake by the mouth of holy Prophets: which have been since the world began;

That we should be saved from our enemies: and from the hand of all that hate us;

To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

*(Then shall be said the Apostles' Creed  
by the Minister and people standing.)*

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins: the Resurrection of the body and the Life everlasting. Amen.



*(And after that these prayers following,  
the Minister first pronouncing:)*

The Lord be with you.  
*And with thy Spirit.*

Let us pray.

Lord have mercy upon us.

*Christ have mercy upon us.*

Lord have mercy upon us.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name; Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Minister: Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord.

Answer: *For in thy sight shall no man living be justified.*

Minister: Call to remembrance, O Lord, thy tender mercies.

Answer: *And thy loving-kindnesses which have been ever of old.*

Minister: I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord.

Answer: *In the land of the living.*

Minister: Lord, hear our prayer.

Answer: *And let our cry come unto thee.*

Remember thy servant, O Lord, according to the favour which thou bearest unto thy people, and grant that, increasing in knowl-

edge and love of thee, he may go from strength to strength, in the life of perfect service in thy heavenly kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost ever, one God, world without end. Amen.

*(Other fitting prayers provided elsewhere in this book may here be added.)*

*(Then the Minister shall add this blessing:)*

Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

*(When they come to the grave, while the Body is made ready to be laid into the earth, shall be sung or said:)*

Man, that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.

He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour,

deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty.

O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee.

or this

All that the Father giveth me shall come to me: and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

He that raised up Jesus from the dead: will also quicken your mortal bodies by the Spirit which dwelleth in you.

Wherefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

Thou shalt show me the path of life; in thy presence is the fulness of joy: and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.

### Committal

Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, at whose coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth

and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours. Rev. 14: 13.

*(Then shall the Minister say:)*

The Lord be with you.

*And with thy spirit.*

Let us pray.

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name; Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

*(Then the Minister shall say one or more of the following prayers, at his discretion:)*

O God, whose mercies cannot be numbered; accept our prayers on behalf of the soul of thy servant departed, and grant him an entrance into the land of light and joy in the fellowship of thy saints; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## BURIAL SERVICE

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O merciful God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life; in whom whosoever believeth, shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle, Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for those who sleep in him; we humbly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant, this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

O Almighty God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, who by a voice from heaven didst proclaim, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; Multiply, we beseech thee to those who rest in Jesus, the manifold blessing of thy love, that the good work which thou didst begin in them may be perfected unto the day of Jesus Christ. And of thy mercy, O heavenly Father, vouchsafe that we, who now serve thee here on earth, may at last,

together with them, be found meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; for the sake of the same thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

### Benediction

The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant; Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight; through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

### Additional Prayers

Most merciful Father, who hast been pleased to take unto thyself the soul of this thy servant (or this child); Grant to us who are still in our pilgrimage, and who walk as yet by faith, that having served thee with constancy on earth, we may be joined hereafter with thy blessed saints in glory everlasting; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who by thy death didst take away the sting of death; Grant unto us thy servants so to follow in faith where thou hast led the way, that we may at length fall asleep peacefully in thee, and awake up after thy likeness; through thy



mercy, who livest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Almighty and everliving God, we yield unto thee most high praise and hearty thanks, for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all thy saints, who have been the choice vessels of thy grace, and the lights of the world in their several generations, most humbly beseeching thee to give us grace so to follow the example of their steadfastness in thy faith, and obedience to thy holy commandments, that at the day of the general Resurrection, we, with all those who are of the mystical body of Thy Son, may be set on his right hand, and hear that his most joyful voice: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

### **For the Blessing of a Grave**

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, vouchsafe, we beseech thee, to bless this grave in which we are about to lay the body of thy servant; through the same thy blessed Son, who is the resurrection and the life, and who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

## Form of Committal at Sea

Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother, departed, and we commit his body to the deep; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, at whose coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the sea shall give up her dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

## At the Burial of a Child

*(The Minister, meeting the Body, and going before it, either into the Church or towards the Grave, shall say:)*

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

Jesus called them unto him and said, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.



*(When they are come into the Church,  
shall be said the following Psalms; and  
at the end of each Psalm shall be said  
the Gloria Patri:)*

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon the right hand.

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

*(Then shall follow the lesson: Matthew 18:1.)*

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

*(Here may be sung a Hymn or an Anthem: then the Minister may say the fol-*

## BURIAL SERVICE

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*lowing prayers, or such other fitting prayers as are elsewhere provided in this book, first pronouncing):*

The Lord be with you.

*And with thy spirit.*

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*Christ, have mercy on us.*

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*(Then shall be said by the Minister and People:)*

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name; Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Minister: Blessed are the pure in heart.

Answer: *For they shall see God.*

Minister: Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Answer: *Henceforth, world without end.*

Minister: Lord, hear our prayer.

Answer: *And let our cry come unto thee.*

O merciful Father, whose face the angels of thy little ones do always behold in heaven; Grant us steadfastly to believe that this thy child hath been taken into the safe keeping of thine eternal love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty and merciful Father, who dost grant to children an abundant entrance into thy kingdom; Grant us grace so to conform our lives to their innocency and perfect faith, that at length, united with them, we may stand in thy presence in fulness of joy: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

*(When they are come to the grave shall be said or sung:)*

Jesus said to his disciples, Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

*(While the earth shall be cast upon the body, the Minister shall say:)*

In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, we commit the body of this child to the ground. The Lord bless him and keep him, the Lord make his face to shine upon him and be gracious unto Him, the Lord lift up his countenance upon him, and give him peace, both now and ever more.

*(Then shall be said or sung:)*

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

*(Then shall the Minister say:)*

The Lord be with you.

Answer: *And with thy spirit.*

Let us pray.

O God, whose most dear Son did take little children into his arms and bless them; Give us grace. we beseech thee, to entrust the soul of this child to thy neverfailing care and love, and bring us all to thy heavenly kingdom, through the same thy son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, Father of mercies and giver of all comfort, deal graciously, we pray thee, with all those who mourn, that, casting every care on thee, they may know the consolation of thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

May Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, bless you and keep you now and for evermore. Amen.

### **Scriptures Suitable for the Funeral of a Child**

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

Matthew 5: 3-11

Thus saith the Lord; A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping;

Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not. Jeremiah 31: 15

So she went and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunammite:

Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered. It is well.

## II Kings 4: 25-26

David therefore besought God for the child; and David fasted and went in, and lay all night upon the earth.

And the elders of his house arose, and went to him, to raise him up from the earth; but he would not, neither did he eat bread with them.

And it came to pass on the seventh day, that the child died. And the servants of David feared to tell him that the child was dead: for they said, Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spake unto him, and he would not harken unto our voice: how will he then vex himself, if we tell him that the child is dead?

But when David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead; therefore David said unto his servants,



Is the child dead? And they said, He is dead.

Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord, and worshipped: then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat.

Then said his servants unto him, What thing is this thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread.

And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live?

But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

## II Samuel 12: 16-23

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them,

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.



And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Mark 10: 13-16

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?

And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more over that sheep than over the ninety and nine that went not astray.

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.

Matthew 18: 10-14

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 22: 4-5

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

Revelation 21 : 3-4

### **Scriptures Suitable for the Funeral of a Youth**

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun:

But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many: All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the light of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart,

and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

Ecclesiastes 11: 6-10

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened; nor the clouds return after the rain;

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low:

And when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets;

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

Ecclesiastes 12.

And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people.

Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow:

And much people of the city was with her.

And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.

And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still.

And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.

And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.

And there came a fear on all; and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and that God hath visited his people.

Luke 7: 11-16

## Scriptures Suitable for the Funeral of a Godly Woman

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call, answer me speedily. Psalm 102: 1-2

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. For the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Psalm 103: 13-18

A virtuous woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no lack of gain. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life. She spreadeth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on

her tongue. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates.

Proverbs 31: 10-12, 20, 25-31

Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give thee. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha said unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

John 2: 21-26

Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. And foras-



much as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise, And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up: and when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord.

Acts 9: 36-42

When Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.

Matthew 26: 10-13

And that day was the preparation, and the sabbath drew on. And the women also, which came with him from Galilee, followed after and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the sabbath day according to the commandment. Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful man, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. And they remembered his words. And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest. It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary, the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the Apostles.

Luke 23: 54-56; 24: 1-10



Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith.

Matthew 15: 23

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, Unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Ephesians 3: 14-21

Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him

endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Hebrews 12: 1-2

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

John 14: 1-3, 27

Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Revelation 22: 14

### **Scriptures Suitable for the Funeral of a Person of Mature Years**

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord which made Heaven and earth.

If a man die shall he live again?

I am the resurrection and the life.

He that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

O death where is thy sting? Oh, grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.

It is better to go to the house of mourning,

than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart.

Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.

But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings: that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.

I Peter 4: 12-14

And Enoch walked with God and he was not; for God took him.

Genesis 5: 24

And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

Genesis 15: 15

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of the righteousness.

Proverbs 16: 31

And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.

Isaiah 46: 4

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

II Timothy 4: 6-8

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

Psalms 46: 1-3

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye

have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Matthew 25: 38-40

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces and worshiped God.

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.



They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 7: 9-17

### Reading Suitable for the Funeral of One in Public Life

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations:

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have left a name



behind them, that their praises might be reported.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.

From the Apochryphal Book of  
Ecclesiasticus 44.

### **Selections from the Book of Proverbs**

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honor.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honor and life.

He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

Bow down thine ear and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge.

That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee.

He that keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul.

The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied.

The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

The fruit of the righteous is as a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and He addeth no sorrow with it.

Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

### **Scriptures Designed to Comfort the Bereaved**

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and

my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait I say, on the Lord.

Psalm 27: 7-11, 13, 14

Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Hebrews 4: 14-16

But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great

a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Hebrews 12: 22-24, 1-2

But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless, we according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be

diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

2 Peter 3: 8-14

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. We spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength they be fourscore years, yet it is soon cut off, and we fly away. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalm 90: 1, 2, 4, 9, 10, 12

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Psalm 91: 1, 2, 11, 12

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? He that

hath clean hands, and a pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Psalm 24: 3-5

Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.

Isaiah 43: 1-3

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.

Isaiah 26: 3

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall



mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary: they shall walk and not faint.

Isaiah 40: 28-31

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.

Jeremiah 49: 11

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense: he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall



return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isaiah 35: 3-10

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

Psalms 116: 15

For our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself.

Philippians 3: 20-21

But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

I Corinthians 2: 9-10

For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon

with our house which is from heaven: If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (for we walk by faith, not by sight:) We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labour that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

2 Corinthians 5: 1-9

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

Revelation 14: 13

For I am in a straight betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ: which is far better.

Philippians 1: 23

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all na-

tions, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 7: 9-17

## A SERVICE BOOK

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## SCRIPTURE LESSONS

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## A SERVICE BOOK

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## SCRIPTURE LESSONS

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## Scriptures Suitable to Use at the Time of Committal

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will bring God with Him.

For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light.

And they shall reign forever and ever.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

## Various Forms of Committals

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of the departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust: looking for the general resurrection in the last day,

and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ: at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed and made like unto his own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

or

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased (brother), we therefore commit (his) body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; here to await the general resurrection in the last day, and the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

or

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust: but the spirit is with God who gave it. And we look for the resurrection of the dead according to His promise who was dead and is alive forevermore.

Poems and Sentiments Suitable to Use  
at the Time of Committal

“Goodby, Till Morning”

“Goodby, till morning come again,”

We part, if part we must, with pain,  
But night is short, and hope is sweet,  
Faith fills our hearts, and wings our feet;  
And so we sing the old refrain,  
“Goodby, till morning come again.”

“Goodby, till morning come again,”

The thought of death brings weight of  
pain.

But could we know how short the night  
That falls, and hides them from our sight,  
Our hearts would sing the old refrain,  
“Goodby, till morning come again.”

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Warm summer sun,  
Shine kindly here.  
Warm southern wind,  
Blow softly here.  
Green sod above,  
Lie light, lie light,  
Good night, dear heart.  
Good night, good night.

Robert Richardson

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee  
None named thee, but to praise.  
Fitz-Greene Halleck

---

E'en for the dead I will not bind  
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide:  
For is it not as if the rose that climbed  
My garden wall had blossomed on the  
other side?  
Death doth hide but not divide;  
Beloved, thou art on Christ's other side.

---

Swing softly, beauteous gates of death,  
To let a waiting soul pass on,  
Achievement crowns life's purposes  
And victory is forever won.

Swing softly, softly, heavenly gate,  
Thy portal passed, no more to roam;  
Our traveler finds her journey o'er,  
And rest at last in "Home Sweet Home."  
Alice B. Howe.

---

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store.

Not for him but for us should our tears be  
shed,

Mourn, mourn, for the living, but not for  
the dead.

Let the dirge be unsung, and awaken the  
psalm,—

No cypress for him who lies crowned with  
the palm.

---

So, on I go, not knowing

I would not, if I might.

I would rather walk in the dark with God  
Than walk alone in the light.

I would rather walk with Him by faith,  
Than walk alone by sight.

---

What must it be to step on shore, and find  
it—Heaven;

To take hold of a hand, and find it—God's  
hand;

To breathe a new air and find it—Celestial air;

To feel invigorated, and find it—Immortality;

To rise from the care and turmoil of earth  
Into one unbroken calm;

To wake up and find it—Glory.

---

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not  
wholly

What He has given;

They live on earth in thought and deed, as  
truly

As in His Heaven.

Whittier.

Yet Love Will Dream

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust  
(Since He who knows our need is just)  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

John Greenleaf Whittier

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Be Comforted

The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,  
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name  
Is "Onward", no discordance in the roll  
And march of that Eternal Harmony  
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly  
heard

Until the great hereafter. Mourn in hope.  
Alfred Tennyson

---

Out of the dusk a shadow,  
Then, a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then, a lark;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
Then, a pain;  
Out of the dead, cold ashes,  
Life again. John B. Tabb

### Comfort

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant

### From "Thanatopsis"

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall  
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and  
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.

William Cullen Bryant



Lord of all Light and Darkness,  
Lord of all Life and Death,  
Behold, we lay in earth today  
The flesh that perisheth.  
Take to Thyself whatever may  
Be not as dust and breath—  
Lord of all Light and Darkness,  
Lord of all Life and Death.

William Watson

---

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

---

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past,  
Labour and sorrow cease,  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
Thy soul is found in peace.

James Montgomery.

## A SERVICE BOOK

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## Prayers from Various Sources Suitable for Use at a Funeral

Almighty God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who by Thy death didst take away the sting of death; Grant unto us Thy servants so to follow in faith where Thou hast led the way, that we may at length fall asleep peacefully in Thee, and awake after Thy likeness; through Thy mercy, who livest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

O God, Thou King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the blessed and only Potentate; May we, who cannot see Thee with the eye of flesh, behold Thee steadfastly with the eye of faith, that we may not faint under the manifold trials and temptations of this mortal life, but endure as seeing Thee who art invisible; and grant that having fulfilled Thy will upon earth, we may behold Thy face in heaven, and be made partakers of those un-

speokable joys which Thou hast promised to them who love Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and wait His appearing; for whose sake we beseech Thee to hear us; and unto whom, with Thee, the Father, and the Holy Ghost, we ascribe all glory and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.

O God, who art the Strength of Thy saints and who redeemest the souls of Thy servants; We bless Thy name for all those who have died in the Lord, and who now rest from their labours, having received the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls. Especially we call to remembrance Thy loving-kindness and Thy tender mercies to this Thy servant. For all Thy goodness that withheld not his portion in the joys of this earthly life, and for Thy guiding hand along the way of his pilgrimage; we give Thee thanks and praise. Especially we bless Thee for Thy grace that kindled in his heart the love of Thy dear Name; that enabled him to fight the good fight, to endure unto the end, and to obtain the victory; yea, to become more than conqueror, through Him that loveth us. We magnify Thy holy Name that his trials and temptations being ended, sickness and death being passed, with all the dangers and difficulties of this mortal life, his spirit is at home in Thy presence, at whose right hand dwelleth eternal peace. And grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that we who rejoice in the tri-

umph of Thy saints may profit by their example, that becoming followers of their faith and patience, we also may enter with them into an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who Thyself didst weep beside the grave, and art touched with the feeling of our sorrows; Fulfill now Thy promise that Thou wilt not leave Thy people comfortless, but wilt come to them. Reveal Thyself unto Thine afflicted servants, and cause them to hear Thee saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Help them, O Lord, to turn to Thee with true discernment, and to abide in Thee through living faith; that, finding now the comfort of Thy presence, they may have also a sure confidence in Thee for all that is to come: until the day break and the shadows flee away. Hear us for Thy great mercy's sake, O Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who art our Refuge and Strength, and a very present Help in time of trouble; Enable us, we pray Thee, to put our trust in Thee, and seeing that we have an High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, may we come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in this our time of need; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Father in heaven, whose pity is infinite and whose will is sovereign; Be pleased to look down upon our sorrow, and for the sake of Thy dear Son, enable us so to hear Thy holy word, that through patience and comfort of the Scriptures we may have hope, and grant us the consolation of Thy Holy Spirit, that we, humbly acknowledging our many sins, may nevertheless hold fast the assurance of Thy mercy and the blessed hope of everlasting life, through Him who died and rose again and ever liveth with Thee, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, the Fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask and our ignorance in asking; We beseech Thee to have compassion upon our infirmities; and those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty and most merciful God, the Consolation of the sorrowful, and the Support of the weary, who dost not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men; Look down in tender love and pity, we beseech Thee, upon Thy bereaved servants, whose joy is turned into mourning; so that, while they mourn, they may not murmur, or faint under Thy rod; but, remembering all Thy mercies, Thy



promises, and Thy love in Christ, may resign themselves meekly into Thy hands, to be taught and disciplined by Thee. Convert them wholly to Thyself, and fill their desolate hearts with Thy love, that they may cleave more closely to Thee, who bringest life out of death, and who canst turn their grief into eternal joy; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord, by all Thy dealings with us, whether of joy or pain, of light or darkness, let us be brought to Thee. Let us value no treatment of Thy grace simply because it makes us happy or because it makes us sad, because it gives us or denies us what we want; but may all that Thou sendest us bring us to Thee; that knowing Thy perfectness we may be sure in every disappointment, Thou art still loving us, in every darkness Thou art still enlightening us, and in every enforced idleness Thou art still using us; yea, in every death Thou art giving us life, as in His death Thou didst give life to Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Phillips Brooks

Teach us, O God, the ancient truth of the divine goodness, the wondrous joys of repentance, the rich rewards of obedience, the deep satisfactions of the companionship of

Jesus, and the marvelous inspirations of Thy glorious Word!

Teach us the courage of unrequited toil, the nobility of speech, the splendor of silence, the gladness of a humble task done in love, and all the masterful uplift of that fine music of the heart that sings amidst the dust of things.

Teach us "the patience of unanswered prayer," the plentiful strength of discipline, the sacred stillness of life's problems, the softened meanings of life's shadows, and all the high reach of life's far-flaming hopes.

Teach us the value of love and the warm joys of dedicated hearthstones, the revelation of life in the hearts of children, the message of truth in the hearts of friends, and all the endless inspiration to service in the heart of the world. Amen.

O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be; I beseech Thee for him whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation, in Paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of Thy great love.

Grant that his life (so troubled here) may unfold in Thy sight, and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If he

hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore him, that he may serve Thee without hindrance.

Tell him, O gracious Lord, if it may be, how much I love, and miss him, and long to see him again; and, if there be ways in which he may come, vouchsafe him to me as guide and guard, and grant me a sense of his nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit.

If in aught I can minister to his peace, be pleased of Thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of him as soon as our trial-time is over, or mar the fulness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this my prayer, and let Thy will be done, for my will is blind and erring, but Thine is guided by infinite wisdom, and able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(This beautiful prayer is attributed to W. E. Gladstone.)

Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of sorrow overtake me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times.

May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the

quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised God to have courage amid the changing years.

Spare me from bitterness and the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars.

Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet, and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still. Amen.

O, Lord, support us all the day long of our troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

John Henry Newman

Father of life, who givest to our dust the breath of being, be near us when we bow beside our dead. Be not wroth with us in our sorrowing as friend after friend says good-bye, and goes into the silent land whither now we cannot follow them.

Draw aside the veil of grief, we ask Thee, O Lord Christ, who knewest the sorrow of man for man at Lazarus' grave. Thou that didst bow Thy head upon the cross, and pass beneath the shadow and the pain of dying, pity us, we pray thee, as we linger here. Let us not mourn as those for whom there is no hope of a morning's joy with Thee and all we love and lose upon this fading world.

We thank Thee for the confidence Thou hast given us in a life beyond this dying. We thank Thee for Thy goodness to our loved ones, that, even in the Valley of the Shadow, peace was theirs, relying on Thy love; that the darkness was aglow with the promises of Christ. Give us the calm that fell upon their spirit when they had to say farewell to all they loved. Give us the strength Thou gavest them when they were passing from us.

We thank Thee for the sweet life, kind and true, that Thou hast taken, for the thought of others, the gentle heart and hand, the example of lowly courtesy and earnest dutifulness, that made Thy servant, now asleep in Jesus, so beloved by all. Help us to follow in her steps, as she walked in the footsteps of

her Redeemer; and do, Thou bless and console all who were precious to her, and unto whom she was dear.

We remember the loved ones gone before us, who wait, beyond the mystery, for our coming. Give us the faith that made them beautiful and strong, the hope that kept them steadfast, and the love that gave them sweet light at the last. And when we, too, are tired, and would lie down to slumber, grant that we may sink softly into sleep, trusting like them, to wake with Thee.

Weak are we all, and dying. Give us peace, strength for our battle while it lasts, and rest at the close of day, when our work is done. And, in the Resurrection Morn, when all souls rise and stand before Thee, give us the meeting which we yearn for, the vision of the faces we may not now behold forever here. Keep us, who remain under the shadow of Thy grace, and watch the sleeping-places of our loved ones, till, over the hills of time, the angel of Thy glory comes again.

Go with us as we go to lay this dear dust to its rest, till Christ shall wake it, when He cometh calling old loved names, among the graves. And keep us all close in the shelter of Thy presence. For Jesus sake. Amen.

Lauchlan Maclean Watt





## PRAYERS

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### Here and There

We sit beside the lower feast to-day,  
    She at the higher.  
Our voices falter as we bend to pray;  
    In the great Choir  
Of happy saints she sings, and does not tire.

We break the bread of patience and the wine  
    Of tears we share.  
She tastes the vintage of that glorious vine  
    Whose branches fair  
Set for the healing of all nations are.

I wonder is she sorry for one pain,  
    Or, if grown wise,  
She, wondering, smiles, and counts them idle,  
    vain,  
    These heavy sighs,  
These longings for her face and happy eyes.

Smile on then, darling, as God wills is best;  
    We loose our hold,  
Content to leave thee to the deeper rest,  
    The safer fold,  
To joy's immortal youth, while we grow old;

Content the cold and wintry day to bear,  
    The icy wave,  
And know thee in immortal summer there,  
    Beyond the grave;  
Content to give thee to the Lord that gave.

—Susan Coolidge.

### Abou Ben Adhem

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its  
head,

And, with a look made all of sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the  
Lord".

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."  
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next  
night

He came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names of those whom love  
of God had blest,—

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt

### Good-night

Sleep on beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;  
Lay down thy head upon the Saviour's  
breast;

We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best,  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,  
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep,  
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep;  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until the shadows from the earth are cast,  
Until he gathers in his sheaves at last,  
Until the twilight gloom is overpast;  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,  
And he shall come, but not in lowly guise;  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Only good-night! beloved, not farewell,  
A little while and all his sons shall dwell,  
In hallowed union indivisible.  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until we meet again before his throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robes he gives his  
own,  
Until we know even as we are known,  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Sarah Doudney

### A Human Soul

A human soul went forth into the night,  
Shutting behind it death's mysterious door,  
And shaking off, with strange resistless  
    might,  
The dust that once it wore.

So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped,—  
As when by skillful hands the bow is bent,  
The arrow flies,—those watching round the  
    bed  
Marked not the way it went.

Heavy with grief, their aching tear-dimmed  
    eyes  
Saw but the shadow fall, and knew not when  
Or in what fair and unfamiliar guise  
It left the world of men.

It broke from sickness, that with iron bands  
Had bound it fast for many a grievous day;  
And love itself, with its restraining hands,  
Might not its course delay.

Time could not hold it back with fettering  
    bars;  
Death lost its power and ceased at last to be.  
It swept beyond the boundary of the stars  
And touched eternity.

Out of the house of mourning, faintly lit,  
It passed upon its journey all alone,  
So far not even thought could follow it  
Into those realms unknown.

Thro' the clear silence of the moonless dark,  
Leaving no footprint of the road it trod,  
Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,  
The soul went home to God.

"Alas!" they cried, "He never saw the morn,  
But fell asleep out-wearied with the strife."  
Nay, rather, he arose and met the dawn  
Of everlasting life.

Reginald Cule

### Life and Death

A breath of joy, an hour of pain,  
Dark paths to tread, white heights to gain,  
A little love, a little strife,  
And this is Life.

A little rest, a swift new birth,  
A snapping of the bonds of earth,  
A joyous stride, a tingling breath,  
And this is Death.

For life and death walk hand in hand,  
With never a span between,  
And the same path leads to that Other Land  
Where the sunlit fields are green.



Rest

I lay me down to sleep  
With little care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now;  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,—  
All that is past;  
I am ready not to do,  
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,  
And this is all my part,—  
To give a patient God  
My patient heart;

And grasp His banner still,  
Though all the blue be dim;  
These stripes, as well as stars,  
Lead after Him.

Mary Woolsey Howland

### The Children Up in Heaven

*"And the streets of the City shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—Zechariah 8:5.*

"Oh, what do you think the angels say?"

Said the children up in heaven;

"There's a dear little girl coming home today,  
She's almost ready to fly away  
From the earth we used to live in.

Let's go and open the gates of pearl,  
Open them wide for a new little girl."

Said the children up in heaven.

"God wanted her here where His little ones  
meet,"

Said the children up in heaven.

"She shall play with us in the golden street;  
She has grown too fair, she has grown too  
sweet

For the earth we used to live in;  
She needed the sunshine, this dear little girl,  
That gilds this side of the gates of pearl,"

Said the children up in heaven.

"Fly with her quickly, O angels, dear!"

Said the children up in heaven;

"See—she is coming! Look there

At the jasper light on her sunny hair,  
Where the veiling clouds are riven!"

Ah! hush, hush, hush! All the swift wings  
furl!

For the King himself, at the gates of pearl,  
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,  
And is leading her into heaven.

Edith Gilling Cherry.

### In My Father's House

No, not cold beneath the grasses,  
Not close-walled within the tomb;  
Rather, in our Father's mansion,  
Living in another room.

Living, like the man who loves me,  
Like my child with cheeks abloom,  
Out of sight, at desk or school-book,  
Busy in another room.

Nearer than my son whom fortune  
Beckons where the strange lands loom;  
Just behind the hanging curtain,  
Serving in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?  
Shall I think of death as doom,  
Or the stepping o'er the threshold  
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?  
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,  
When I know my loves are happy—  
Waiting, in another room?

Robert Freeman

### Prospice

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the  
 storm,  
 The post of the foe,  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible  
 form,  
 Yet the strong man must go;  
 For the journey is done and the summit at-  
 tained,  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be  
 gained,  
 The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,  
 The best and the last!  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,  
 and forbore,  
 And bade me creep past.  
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my  
 peers,  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's  
 arrears,  
 Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the  
    brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that  
    rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend, shall change,  
Shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee  
    again,  
And with God be the rest!

Robert Browning

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam,  
When that which drew from out the bound-  
less deep,  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and  
place  
The flood may bear me far;  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,  
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson

### There Is No Death

There is no death! the stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change, beneath the summer  
showers,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

And ever near us though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—"there are no dead."  
Edward Bulwer-Lytton



## My Creed

To live as gently as I can;  
 To be, no matter where, a man;  
 To take what comes of good or ill,  
 And cling to faith and honor still;  
 To do my best, and let that stand,  
 The record of my brain and hand;  
 And then, should failure come to me  
 Still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein  
 I stoop unseen to shame or sin;  
 To be the same when I'm alone  
 As when my every deed is known;  
 To live undaunted, unafraid  
 Of any step that I have made;  
 To be without pretense or sham  
 Exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple mark behind  
 To keep my having lived in mind;  
 If enmity to aught I show,  
 To be an honest, generous foe;  
 To play my little part, not whine  
 That greater honors are not mine.  
 This, I believe, is all I need  
 For my philosophy and creed.

Edgar A. Guest.

*(From "A Heap o' Livin'," copyright 1916. Reprinted by special permission of the publishers, Riley & Lee, Chicago.)*

## When Earth's Last Picture is Painted

When earth's last picture is painted  
And the tubes are twisted and dried.  
When the oldest colors have faded,  
And the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it—  
Lie down for an aeon or two,  
Till the Master of all Good Workmen  
Shall set us to work anew!

And those who are good shall be happy;  
They shall sit in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas  
With brushes of comet's hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from  
Magdalene, Peter and Paul:  
They shall work for an age at a sitting  
And never grow weary at all!

And only the Master shall praise them,  
And only the Master shall blame,  
And no one shall work for money,  
And no one shall work for fame,  
But each for the joy of the working,  
And each in his separate star  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it,  
For the God of things as they are.

Rudyard Kipling

Beyond

It seemeth such a little way to me,  
    Across to that strange country, the beyond;  
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be  
    The home of those of whom I am so fond.  
They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
    As journeying friends bring distant regions  
    near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear  
    I think I almost see the gleaming strand,  
I know I feel those who have gone from here  
    Come near enough sometimes to touch my  
    hand.

I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
    We should find heaven right about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread,  
    When from this dear earth I shall journey  
    out

To that still dearer country of the dead,  
    And join the lost ones so long dreamed  
    about.

I love this world, yet shall I love to go  
    And meet the friends who wait for me, I  
    know.

I never stand above a bier and see  
    The seal of death set on some well-loved  
    face

But what I think, "One more to welcome me,  
When I shall cross the intervening space,  
Between this land and that one 'over there,'  
One more to make the strange beyond seem  
fair."

And so for me there is no sting of death,  
And so the grave hath lost its victory.  
It is but crossing with abated breath,  
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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W. B. Conkey Co., Hammond, Ind.)*

## Resignation

There is no flock, however watched and  
tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead!  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions,  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and  
vapors,  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transi-  
tion:  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

Henry W. Longfellow

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Mifflin Co., Boston.)*

## Waiting

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For all my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,—  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways;  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep—awake—by night or day,—  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
Nor wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,  
And gather up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave comes to the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high  
Can keep mine own away from me.

John Burroughs

## The Abiding Love

It singeth low in every heart;  
 We hear it each and all—  
 A song of those who answer not,  
 However we may call.  
 They throng the silence of the breast,  
 We see them as of yore—  
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,  
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,  
 When these have laid it down;  
 They brighten all the joys of life,  
 They soften every frown.  
 But oh, 'tis good to think of them  
 When we are troubled sore;  
 Thanks be to God that such have been,  
 Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,  
 Since they have entered there;  
 'To follow them were not so hard,  
 Wherever they may fare.  
 They cannot be where God is not,  
 On any sea or shore;  
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,  
 Our God forevermore.

John W. Chadwick



## Emancipation

Why be afraid of Death, as though your life  
were breath?

Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O  
glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks  
the corn.

Why should you fear to meet the thresher of  
the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping, you  
are dead

Till you awake and rise, here or beyond the  
skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your  
wooden bench,

Why not with happy shout run home when  
school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and  
blind.

A day—and you will meet—a night—and you  
will greet!

This is the death of Death, to breathe away  
a breath

And know the end of strife, and taste the  
deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without a  
tear,  
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last  
the best.

Maltbie D. Babcock

*(From "Thoughts for Every-Day Living"; Copyright  
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publishers.)*

"In Memoriam"

O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will  
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;  
That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
That not one life will be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void  
When God hath made the pile complete.  
So runs my dream: But what am I?  
An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.  
I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the world's great altar-stairs,  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather chaff and dust and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all  
And faintly trust the larger hope.  
My own dim life should teach me this  
That life shall live forever more,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is.  
I hold it true whate'er befall;  
I feel it when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.  
Alfred Tennyson

### Christ the Comforter

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,  
And felt a presence as I prayed,  
Lo! It was Jesus standing there.  
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death we know,  
Restore again to life," I said,  
"This one who died an hour ago."  
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as Thyself didst say;  
Yet Thou canst lift the eyes that keep  
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"  
He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Oh then, tho haply she do wake,  
And look upon some fairer dawn,  
Restore her to our hearts that ache!"  
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,  
Nor hope again our joy to touch,  
Until the stream of death we cross!"  
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far,  
The while we yearn to feel them near,  
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."  
He smiled: "And I am here!"

“Dear Lord, how shall we know that they  
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,  
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?”  
He smiled: “Abide in Me!”

Rossiter W. Raymond

*(From “Christus Consolator.” Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)*

### Absence

What shall I do with all the days and hours,  
That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of  
grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense—  
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?  
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,  
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, by what means may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back  
more near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
Until that blessed time and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds each moment that is told  
While thou, beloved one, are far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy  
strains;

## A SERVICE BOOK

---

For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their  
minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time; and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won, since yet I  
live.

So may this dooméd time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be  
thine;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Kemble



### Over the River

Over the river they beckon to me—  
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing  
 tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
 He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
 We saw not the angels who met him there;  
 The gates of the city we could not see;  
 Over the river, over the river,  
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale  
 Carried another, the household pet:  
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
 We know she is safe on the farther side,  
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
 Over the river, the mystic river,  
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning  
heart,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye;  
We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of Death shall carry me.

Nancy A. W. Priest

Sometime

Sometime when all life's lessons have been  
learned

And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here  
have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes  
wet

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are  
right,

And how what seemed reproof was love most  
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and  
sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth  
good.

And if sometimes commingled with life's wine  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser Hand than yours or mine  
Pours out the potion for our lips to drink;

And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened  
breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content poor heart:  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,  
And if through patient toil we reach the land,  
When tired feet with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand  
I think that we shall say "God knew the best!"

May Riley Smith

## He Careth

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him  
That the nights are long and the days are dim?  
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?  
Around His throne are eternal calms,  
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss unruffled by any strife.  
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me  
While I live in this world where the sorrows  
be.

When the lights die down from the path I  
take,

When strength is feeble and friends forsake,  
When love and music, that once did bless,  
Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,  
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day  
long,

And my spirit is bowed with shame and  
wrong;

When I am not good, and the deeper shade  
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its course to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour—can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love;  
Each child is dear to that Heart above.  
He fights for me when I cannot fight,  
He comforts me in the gloom of night,  
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;  
The sorrow that bows me down He bears,  
And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;  
We are not alone in our hours of pain;  
Our Father stoops from His throne above  
To sooth and quiet us with His love.  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety, for He is nigh.  
Can it be trouble that He doth share?  
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord doth care!

Susan Coolidge

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## The House by the Side of the Road

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
 In the peace of their self-content;  
 There are souls life stars, that dwell apart,  
 In a fellowless firmament;  
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
 Where the highways never ran;  
 But let me live by the side of the road,  
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the  
 road

Where the race of men go by—  
 The men who are good, and the men who are  
 bad

As good and as bad as I.  
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
 Or hurl the cynic's ban;  
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road—  
 By the side of the highway of life,  
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
 The men who are faint with strife.  
 But I turn not away from their smiles or  
 their tears—

Both are parts of an infinite plan;  
 Let me live in a house by the side of the  
 road  
 And be a friend to man.



I know there are brook-gladdened meadows  
ahead;

And mountains of wearisome height;  
That the road passes on through the long  
afternoon,

And stretches away to the night.  
But still I rejoice when the trav'lers rejoice,  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the  
road,

Where the race of men go by—  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,  
they are strong,

Wise, foolish,—and so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in a house by the side of the  
road,  
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss

*(From "Dreams in Homespun." Reprinted by special  
permission of the publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard  
Co., Boston.)*

## The Eternal Goodness

Within the maddening maze of things  
And toss'd by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,  
I know that God is good.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise;  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier

*(Reprinted by permission of publishers, Houghton  
Mifflin Co., Boston.)*

"O, Rare, Sweet Soul"

O rare, sweet soul, so early passed beyond,  
What sights are to thy 'raptured vision  
given?

What fruits supernal of thy hopes so fond  
Are thine in that far country we call  
heaven?

How fares it with thee now? 'Tis but a day  
Since in these earthly ways thou too didst  
tread;

Now, sudden, thou hast gone so far away  
We cannot reach thee. Whither art thou  
fled?

Hast thou forgotten all thou here didst love?  
The flowers of spring, the thrush's mellow  
song?

Is there no tender, yearning thought above  
For those whose lives were bound with  
thine so long?

O strange, deep mystery! Sudden from our  
sight

Thou passest like a shadow—all in vain  
Our questionings and our grief; for us the  
night,  
For thee the day where suns unsetting  
shine.

Luella Clark

### A New Thanksgiving

In counting all the precious boons  
For which the grateful feast is spread,  
O let us not forget that chief  
Among our treasures are our dead.

Let us give thanks that they have lived  
And on our lives such radiance poured,  
That with the sunshine of the past  
Our later, lonelier years are stored.

And that removed from longer share  
In these brief festivals of earth,  
We feel their living presence still,  
The angels of our home and hearth.

A light surpassing sun or star,  
A breath more sweet than bursting flowers,  
The ministry of souls beloved,  
Gone hence, and yet forever ours.

O Father! let our dearest thanks  
Be for the feast immortal said,  
That death has set heaven's lamps aflame,  
And Thou art nearer through our dead.

Frances L. Mace

## The Faces of Our Dead

The faces of our dead ones lie below  
The Face of God;  
Withdrawn from this world's weariness,  
Beyond its pain, beyond its bitter stress,  
They are at peace.

The noises of this Earth-life may not break  
That wondrous peace;  
It lies deep-folded in the eternal place,  
Beyond the power of wrong, above the trace  
Of doubt or fear.

They see the Face of God and know at last  
The thing they sought,  
But could not find in this grey light of time,  
They tread with holy feet that far off clime,  
They live with God.

And we who follow them are not forgot;  
They know our life.  
The memory of years once lived in this our  
land,  
Where we still toil with weary feet and hands,  
Is sacred still.

It cannot ever be to them a dream all vague;  
They are with Christ,  
And Christ may not forget the earth He  
saved,  
The floods of that strange mortal life that  
laved  
His blessed feet

They are with Christ, and still o'er us they  
bend,

And watch with Him.

O, not with fear they look, nor anguished  
face,—

There is no fear in Heaven, in that high  
place

Of peace and rest.

They hear our prayers, they watch our daily  
course

With sweet high look,

They gaze on us, and on that Wondrous Face  
Whose eyes are truth, Whose fashioned grace  
Is like to God.

And we are found in Him, and seen through  
Him,

And all is well.

We may not faint or fall; we catch their  
faith,

We know they hear, for aye, the words He  
saith,

Who leadeth them.

And evermore in solemn silent hours

We feel them near;

Our dead ones come again with healing hands  
And walk with us along these lower lands,  
Gentle, serene;

Till all the trouble of this human life  
Is drawn away,

And all our weakness seems to pass and die,  
In Him, Whose life we live, and they on high  
Whose life is peace.

**"What If Some Morning"**

What if some morning when the stars were  
    paling,  
And the dawn whitened and the East was  
    clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the  
    presence  
Of a benignant Spirit standing near;

And I should tell him as he stood beside me,  
This is our Earth—most friendly and most  
    fair;  
Daily its sea and shore through sun and  
    shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serv-  
    ing,  
And quest of truth and serene friendship  
    dear:  
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one de-  
    stroyer—  
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee  
    here!"

And what if, then, while still the morning  
    brightened,  
And freshened in the elm the summer's  
    breath,  
Should gravely smile on me, the gentle angel,  
And take my hand, and say, "My name is  
    Death."

Edward Rowland Sill



### My Ain Countree

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften-  
 whiles,  
 For the langed-for hame-bringing an' my  
 Father's welcome smiles;  
 I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do  
 see  
 The shining gates o' heaven an' my ain coun-  
 tree.  
 The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony-tinted,  
 fresh an' gay,  
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father  
 made them sae;  
 But these sights an' these soun's will as nae-  
 thing be to me,  
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain  
 countree.

I've His gude word o' promise that some glad-  
 some day, the King  
 To His ain royal palace His banished hame  
 will bring;  
 Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre, we shall  
 see  
 The King in His beauty, in our ain countree.  
 My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae  
 been sair,  
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be re-  
 membered mair;  
 His bluid has made me white,—His hand shall  
 dry mine e'e,  
 When he brings me hame at last, to mine ain  
 countree.

Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed bonnie  
place,  
I ainly ken its Hame, whaur we shall see His  
face;  
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be  
In the glory o' His presence in our ain coun-  
tree.  
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its  
nest,  
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's  
breast,  
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worth-  
less lambs like me,  
An carries them Himself, to His ain countree.  
He's faithful' that hath promised, He'll surely  
come again,  
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I  
dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to  
be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.  
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame  
as I wait,  
For the soun'ing of His footfa' this side the  
gowden gate,  
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo  
to me,  
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain  
countree.

Mary Lee Demarest

Nightfall

(*From "Bees in Amber"*)

Fold up the tent!  
The sun is in the West.  
To-morrow my untented soul will range  
Among the blest.  
And I am well content,  
For what is sent, is sent,  
And God knows best.

Fold up the tent,  
And speed the parting guest!  
The night draws on, though night and day  
are one  
On this long quest.  
This house was only lent  
For my apprenticeship—  
What is, is best.

Fold up the tent!  
Its slack ropes all undone,  
Its pole all broken, and its cover rent,—  
Its work is done.  
But mine—tho' spoiled and spent  
Mine earthly tenement—  
Is but begun.

Fold up the tent!  
Its tenant would be gone,  
To fairer skies than mortal eyes  
May look upon.

All that I loved has passed,  
And left me at the last  
Alone!—Alone!

Fold up the tent!  
Above the mountain's crest,  
I hear a clear voice calling, calling clear,—  
"To rest! To rest!"  
And I am glad to go,  
For the lamp burns low,  
And rest is best!

John Oxenham.

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## Death

We are too stupid about death. We will not  
learn

How it is wages paid to those who earn,  
How it is the gift for which on earth we yearn,  
To be set free from bondage to the flesh;  
How it is turning seed-corn into grain,  
How it is winning Heaven's eternal gain,  
How it means freedom evermore from pain,  
How it untangles every mortal mesh.

We are so selfish about death. We count our  
grief

Far more than we consider their relief,  
When the great Reaper gathers in the sheaf,  
No more to know the season's constant  
change;

And we forget that it means only life,  
Life with all joy, peace, rest and glory rife,  
The victory won, and ended all the strife,  
And Heaven no longer far away or strange.

Their Lent is over, and their Easter won,  
Waiting till over paradise the sun  
Shall rise in majesty, and life begun  
Shall grow in glory, as the perfect day  
Moves on, to hold its endless, deathless sway.

William C. Doane

## Recompense

We are quite sure,  
That He will give them back,  
Bright, pure, and beautiful.  
We know He will but keep  
Our own and His until we fall asleep.  
We know He does not mean  
To break the strands reaching between  
The Here and There,  
He does not mean,—the Heavens be fair,—  
To change the spirits entering there,  
That they forget  
The eyes upraised and wet,  
The lips too still for prayer,  
The mute despair.  
He will not take the spirits which He gave,  
And make the glorified so new  
That they are lost to me and you.

I do believe they will receive us,  
You and me, and be so glad,  
To meet us, that when most I would grow sad,  
I just begin to think about  
That gladness and the day  
When they shall tell us all about the way  
That they have learned to go,  
Heaven's pathway show.

My best, my own and I,  
Shall have so much to see together, by and  
by,  
I do believe that just the same sweet face,

But glorified, is waiting in the place,  
Where we shall meet, if only I  
Am counted worthy in that by and by.  
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise  
To tear-stained saddened eyes,  
And that His Heaven will be  
Most glad, most tided thro' with joy for you  
and me.

As we have suffered most,  
God never made  
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,  
And placed them side by side  
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified,  
And meant to break the quivering threads  
between.  
When we shall wake,  
I am quite sure we will be very glad,  
That for a little while we were so sad.



On the Death of an Aged Friend

You are not dead—Life has but set you free!  
Your years of life were like a lovely song,  
The last sweet poignant notes of which, held  
long,

Passed into silence while we listened, we  
Who loved you, listened still expectantly!  
And we about you whom you moved among  
Would feel that grief for you were surely  
wrong—

You have but passed beyond where we can  
see.

For us who knew you, dread of age is past!  
You took life, tiptoe, to the very last;  
It never lost for you its lovely look;  
You kept your interest in its thrilling book;  
To you, Death came, no conqueror, in the  
end—

You merely smiled to greet another friend!  
Roselle Mercier Montgomery

### Still, Still With Thee

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning  
breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows  
flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-  
light,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with  
Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning-star doth rest,  
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! As to each newborn  
morning  
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,  
So does this blessed consciousness, awaking,  
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and  
heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to  
slumber,  
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer;

Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-  
shading,  
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee  
there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows  
flee;  
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with  
Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

*(Reprinted by permission of publishers, Houghton  
Mifflin Co., Boston.)*

**"We Know Not Where They Tarry"**

We know not where they tarry who have  
died;

The gate wherein they entered is made fast,  
No living mortal hath seen one who passed  
Hither, from out the darkness deep and  
wide.

We lean on Faith; and some less wise have  
cried:

"Behold the butterfly, the seed that's cast!"  
Vain hopes that fall like flowers before the  
blast!

What man can look on Death unterrified?—  
Who love can never die! They are part  
Of all that lives beneath the summer sky;  
With the world's living soul their souls are  
one;

Nor shall they in vast nature be undone  
And lost in the general life. Each separate  
heart

Shall live, and find its own, and never die.

Richard Watson Gilder

**"Be Still and Strong"**

Methinks we do as fretful children do,  
Leaning their faces on the window pane  
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's  
    stain,  
And shut the sky and landscape from their  
    view;  
And thus, alas! since God the Maker drew  
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain—  
The life beyond us and our soul in pain—  
We miss the prospect which we are called  
    unto  
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and  
    strong,  
O man, my brother; hold thy sobbing breath,  
And keep thy soul's large window pure from  
    wrong,  
That so, as, life's appointment issueth,  
Thy vision may be clear to watch along  
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

“Say Not Good Night”

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me is quite a secret yet.

Life! We've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter  
clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

A. L. Barbould

**Now the Laborer's Task is O'er**

Now the laborer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore,  
    Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
    By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the penitents that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes  
All the love of Jesus learn,  
    At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Now we lift our tear-dimmed eyes  
To the smiling skies above,  
And we know our dear one lies  
    In the bosom of Thy love.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton



### The Pillar in the Temple

Crowned Son of God! Behold, Thy friend  
Departs from us, to bide with Thee,  
Trusting Thy word, that to the end  
Where'er Thou art, Thine own shall be.

And by Thy promise sure, we know  
That he on whom we leaned in love  
Shall stand, as in Thy Church below,  
A pillar, in Thy Church above!

A pillar, always in its place,  
Steadfast and strong, and true of line,  
Firm-founded in Thy changeless grace,  
High-towering to Thy full design!

Of these Thy pillars, Thou didst say  
O Christ, Thou wouldest write on them  
The name of God, to shine alway,  
And of His New Jerusalem.

Yet these were no inscriptions new—  
Only a record simply fit;  
For on this pillar's shaft, these two,  
Thou knowest were already writ.

But Thou hast promised more than this:—  
O vision beyond earthly sight!  
O mystery of consummate bliss!—  
Thine own new name thereon to write!

And in Thy Temple we shall view  
Our brother strong, who overcame,  
Bearing, above all names we knew,  
The glory of Thine own New Name!

It shall be whispered in his ear—  
That glad new name of love and rest;  
Then chanted through the heavenly sphere:—  
Then blazoned on his happy breast!

—Rossiter W. Raymond.

### Good Night

A quaint old book or two to read,  
A merry verse or two to write,  
A humble prayer or two to plead,  
And then—good night.

A laugh or two at well-worn jokes,  
A song or two in grief's despite,  
A loving cup with friendly folks,  
And then—good night.

Little I ask, and I would share  
That little with an honest friend,  
And blithely my small burdens bear  
Unto the end.

I've had my day, nor do I fret  
Now fate turns off my feeble light.  
God bless you all who linger yet—  
Good night, good night.

—From the British Weekly.

**Mother**

True heart and wise, that with Love's key  
Didst open all life's mystery  
And buy life's treasure at the price  
Of Love's perpetual sacrifice!

The peace that Love finds hid in care;  
The strength that love-borne burdens bear;  
The hope that stands with love and faith  
Serenely facing life and death!

The blessing that in blessing lies—  
These didst thou know, true heart and wise!  
Now God hath added, last and best,  
The sudden, glad surprise of rest!

—Rossiter W. Raymond.

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**Yet Love Will Dream**

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust  
(Since he who knows our need is just)  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose it own!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

“Deep Unto Deep”

Thou knowest, Lord, how well we loved  
The dear one lying now asleep,  
And how we cried, “O spare him, Lord,”  
And how deep calleth unto deep.

Our nights are dark, our days are lone,  
Tasteless the wine of life has turned,  
Cheerless the hearth, and cold the stone  
Where once the fires of friendship burned.

Now let us see the Other Side  
Where angels welcome the new-born,  
And fondly trust, whate'er betide,  
That we shall meet again at morn!

Charles Carroll Albertson.



## POEMS

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## POEMS

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## POEMS

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## A SERVICE BOOK

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## POEMS

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## A SERVICE BOOK

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## The Immortal Hope as Cherished by Some of the World's Great Thinkers

Here is this wonderful thought (of immortality). But whence came it? Who put it in the mind? It was not I, it was not you; it is elemental—belongs to thought and virtue, and whenever we have either, we see the beams of this light. When the Master of the universe has points to carry in his government, he impresses his will in the structure of minds. . . .

. . . Wherever man ripens, this audacious belief presently appears. . . . As soon as thought is exercised, this belief is inevitable; as soon as virtue glows, this belief confirms itself. It is a kind of summary or completion of man . . . The doctrine is not sentimental, but is grounded in the necessities and forces we possess.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

. . . I sincerely hope that my father may yet recover his health, but at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity.

. . . Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with the many loved ones gone be-



fore, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them.

Abraham Lincoln

While I must say with the great apostle, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," I hold as well to the faith that . . . I shall pass out of one room in the many mansions into another, and what treasure in the heavens was mine here, will be mine there, while that which is to come will not seem so much another life as the ripeness and perfecting of this life that now is.

Robert Collyer

With respect to immortality, nothing shows me (so clearly) how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is, as the consideration of the view now held by most physicists, namely that the sun with all the planets will in time grow too cold for life . . . . Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow process. . . .

Charles Darwin

Man is a duality, consisting of an organized spiritual form, evolved coincidently with and permeating the physical body, and having

corresponding organs and development. Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral nature is the destiny of individuals; the knowledge, attainments, and experience of earth-life forming the basis of spirit-life.

Alfred Russel Wallace

For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. . . . Such a crown of wonder seems to me no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been, ineffably beautiful and marvellous in all its myriad stages. . . .

John Fiske

Out of death comes the view of the life beyond the grave. . . . Though death be repugnant to the flesh, yet where the Spirit is given, to die is gain. What a wonderful transition it is!

Michael Faraday

. . . What then is the meaning of life? . . . To me it seems intelligible only as the avenue and vestibule to another life. Its facts seem explainable only upon a theory which cannot

be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions, do in some form express. . . . Shall we say that what passes from our sight passes into oblivion? No: not into oblivion. Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway. The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth.

Henry George

On the question before us (immortality) wide and far your hearts will range from those early days when matins and evensong, evensong and matins sang the larger hope of humanity into your souls. . . . You will wander through all phases, to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death; and this is my own *confessio fidei*.

Sir William Osler

. . . We rejoice that in the hours of our purer vision, when the pulse throb of eternity is strong within us, we know that no pang of mortality can reach our unconquerable soul, and that . . . death is but the gateway to life eternal. . . .

Walter Rauschenbusch

. . . The Infinite Power of Love that has grounded a new spontaneous nature in man over against a dark and hostile world, will conserve such a new nature and its spiritual nucleus, and shelter it against all perils and assaults, so that life as the bearer of Life Eternal can never be wholly lost in the stream of time. Thus we obtain . . . belief in immortality—conviction of the indestructibility of that spiritual unity of life in man, which is the work of God. And it is from such a conception that the conviction of the eternity of the Divine Life proceeds—a conviction which gives man a trust in the preservation in some kind of way of the spiritual nucleus of his nature. . . .

Rudolph Eucken

. . . I build my belief in immortality on the conviction that the fundamental reality of the universe is consciousness, and that no consciousness can ever be extinguished, for it belongs to the whole and must be fulfilled in the whole. The one unthinkable supposition from this point of view is that any kind of being which has ever become aware of itself, that is, has ever contained a ray of the eternal consciousness, can perish.

Reginald J. Campbell

. . . No man in those hours when he is intellectually and spiritually at his best can con-

sent, without violence to his profoundest instincts, to believe in a world that loses all its gains, a world in which nothing that we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist. Without some form of personal permanence that issue to the cosmic process seems inevitable.

... The man who lives as though he were immortal lives in a universe where the highest spiritual values are permanent, outlasting the growth and dissolution of the stars; where personality, whether in himself or others, is infinitely precious and has everlasting issues; where character is the supreme concern of life, in behalf of which all else may reasonably be sacrificed; where no social service ever can be vain, if it registers itself in even one man made better, and where, in all public-minded devotion to moral causes on the earth, we are not digging artificial lakes to be filled by our own buckets, in hopeless contest with an alien universe, but rather building channels down which the eternal spiritual purpose of the living God shall flow to its "far off divine event."

... Death is a great adventure, but none need go unconvinced that there is an issue to it. The man of faith may face it as Columbus faced his first voyage from the shores of Spain. What lies across the sea he cannot tell; his special expectations all may be mistaken; but his insight into the clear mean-

ings of present facts may persuade him beyond doubt that the sea has another shore. Such confident faith, so founded upon reasonable grounds, shall be turned to sight, when for all the dismay of the unbelieving, the hope of the seers is rewarded by the vision of a new continent.

Harry Emerson Fosdick

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!

When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in their world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death, the same unknown will appear as even known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation.

Rabindranath Tagore

### Heaven Our Home

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a



bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float for one brief moment upon the surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and are forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? Finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.

George D. Prentice

Shortly before his death, the Rev. Robert J. Burdette wrote a personal letter to the editor of an Eastern paper, in which he said:

"I watch the sunset as I look out over the

rim of the blue Pacific, and there is no mystery beyond the horizon line, because I know what there is over there. I have been there. I have journeyed in those lands. Over there where the sun is just sinking is Japan. That star is rising over China. In that direction lie the Philippines. I know all that. Well, there is another land that I look toward as I watch the sunset. I have never seen it. I have never seen any one who has been there, but it has a more abiding reality than any of these lands which I do know. This land beyond the sunset—this land of immortality, this fair and blessed country of the soul—why, this heaven of ours is the one thing in the world which I know with absolute, unshaken, unchangeable certainty. This I know with a knowledge that is never shadowed by a passing cloud of doubt. I may not always be certain about this world; my geographical locations may sometimes become confused, but the other world—that I know. And as the afternoon sun sinks lower, faith shines more clearly and hope, lifting her voice in a higher key, sings the songs of fruition. My work is about ended, I think. The best of it I have done poorly; any of it I might have done better, but I have done it. And in a fairer land, with finer material and a better working light, I will do better work.”



### Death is Not the End

Death is not the end! it is only a new beginning. Death is not the master of the house; he is only the porter at the King's lodge appointed to open the gate and let in the King's guests into the realm of eternal day. And so shall we be ever with the Lord. And so the range of three score years and ten is not the limit of our life. Our life is not a land-locked lake enclosed within the shore lines of seventy years. It is an arm of the sea, and where the shore lines seem to meet in old age, they open out into the infinite. And so we must build for those larger waters. We must lay our life plans on the scale of the infinite, not as though we were only pilgrims of time, but as children of eternity! We are immortal! How, then, shall we live today in prospect of the eternal morrow?

John Henry Jowett

### We Shall Live Again

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is

my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but the eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare.

It closes on the twilight, opens on the dawn.

Victor Hugo.

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